

Genesis

S01E01

"And The Truth Shall Set You Free"

by

Pedro Eiras

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pedro.eler.eiras@gmail.com

Quick, hasty steps. Nimble feet brush the leaves and twigs that cover the ground.

They belong to a young girl, thirteen at most. Skinny. Determined. She trudges through the thick forest.

It's dark, a few moments before daybreak. She carries something... a bundle wrapped around her scrawny arms.

A strong beam of light appears in the middle of the darkness... A FLASHLIGHT...

Male voices...

MAN 1

Can you see her?

MAN 2

Over there, over there.

MAN 2 shows the way.

At least ten soldiers, heavily armed and wearing black uniforms, navigate the forest with impressive precision.

All eyes track the girl, who runs desperately.

MAN 3

Careful with the offspring!

They surround her. She stumbles forward, her feet bloody and her face covered in tears. *Please God, please...*

One soldier halts, raises his gun, takes aim...

BUUUUUMMMM

The girl flies forward, her lifeless body collapsing against the wet dirt.

The bundle slips away from her skinny hands, falling to the ground a few feet ahead.

We finally see it... A BABY. Newborn.

It starts to cry, loud and fretful screams taking over the entire forest.

One of the soldiers approaches.

MAN 3 (CONT'D)

Is it hurt?

MAN 4 quickly verifies the baby's well-being.

MAN 4
It looks fine.

MAN 3
(to a nurse nearby)
Alright, take it then.

The woman walks over and carefully picks it up.

2

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

2

The nurse emerges from the thick forest. She has her arms tightly wrapped around the baby.

She enters a black van, parked on an empty dirt road.

3

INT. VAN - DAWN

3

The first rays of sun come in through the sunroof.

The nurse looks at the baby, sleeping in a bassinet attached to one of the seats.

4

EXT. COUNTRY ROAD - DAWN

4

The van speeds down a narrow dirt road that cuts through the forest, quickly disappearing into a thick fog that seems to envelop us.

The sound of the engine running fades away. After a while, all we hear is the constant sound of hundreds of bugs and cicadas coming from within the mist.

-- TV SCREEN --

Microscopic images. A virus. Cells grow and multiply ferociously.

GAIA BRAUN (V.O.)
You know... one thing we often forget is that all viruses are living beings. And living beings, well... they want to survive, they'll do anything to survive.

Bigger cells appear. Aggressive. Wild. They devour all other particles within reach.

GAIA BRAUN, a woman in her late fifties, addresses an out-of-frame interviewer. A caption appears: GAIA BRAUN, SENIOR SCIENTIST - GENESIS PROJECT

GAIA BRAUN

Everyone thought the war against COVID was over. It became just one more of these respiratory diseases to watch out for, but nothing serious... we had tamed it, tamed the virus... (pause) Just, you know, foolish wishful thinking, really...

Breathing. Coughing. Sneezing. Tiny droplets of saliva cut across short spaces, reaching other mouths, hands, objects.

On the bottom of the screen, a caption reads: 30 YEARS SINCE OMEGA: A RETROSPECTIVE.

GAIA BRAUN (CONT'D)

Omega was too strong, too fast, impossible to contain.

Sick people. Fever. Skin rashes. Vomit. A red wave washes over a map of the United States.

GAIA BRAUN (CONT'D)

(sad eyes)

And the effect... much more lethal.

Pregnant women, overtaken by pain, press their hands against their stomachs. Blood flows down their legs.

In hospitals and improvised emergency units, dozens of pregnant women are carried in. Most of them are passed out, several already dead.

THEO TESSARO, an unkempt scientist, is interviewed in his cluttered laboratory. The caption reads: THEO TESSARO, HEAD VIROLOGIST - JOHNS HOPKINS UNIVERSITY

THEO TESSARO

In a matter of hours, the virus would kill the fetus and initiate a process of internal bleeding. More than a million women died... thousands and thousands of abortions... in a matter of... you know... just a couple of days.

Confused doctors. Crying women. Flowing blood. Dead fetuses being cremated.

NANCY BARDINI, an elegant woman in her early eighties, is interviewed in a dark and luxurious apartment. The caption reads: NANCY BARDINI, FORMER US DELEGATE AT THE UNITED NATIONS

NANCY BARDINI

It was only a matter of time before the borders were closed. I was in Geneva and came back in one of the last flights. Soon, they were all canceled and, eventually, extinguished.

In airports, people wander around, confused, scared. Foreign soldiers, heavily armed and wearing breathing masks, patrol the Northern and Southern borders.

NANCY BARDINI (V.O.)

The closing of borders... there was nothing that could be done. All other countries were confused, scared.

Images captured by cellphones show pregnant women trying to jump over the wall into Mexico, swim over rivers or cross the border into Canada. Soldiers shoot, killing them.

NANCY BARDINI (V.O.)

But what happened at the borders...

In her office, Nancy stares off into space, her eyes unfocused... still traumatized.

NANCY BARDINI

I never thought it would come to that...

Images in fast succession: Soldiers close off airports. Huge lines inside banks. Street protests. Tear gas bombs go off. Protesters are arrested. Crowded supermarkets with empty shelves. Churches overflowing with crying people. Religious leaders preaching about the end of the world. People jumping from buildings and bridges. Others found hanging from the ceiling in their rooms.

THEO TESSARO (V.O.)

It was a huge effort, we'd never worked so hard. 24 hours a day, seven days a week.

Scientists work in modern laboratories. Inside spacious meeting rooms, researchers discuss what to do. The army patrols the streets.

THEO TESSARO

But nothing was working... We couldn't find a vaccine strong enough to fight Omega. And the lockdowns... Well, earlier variants had shown us those didn't work, not really, and definitely not against something like Omega... it was way too fast, too stealthy, and people didn't --

The TV is turned off.

We move back, revealing a vast hangar.

INT. FERNANDA'S HANGAR - DAY

Thick tarpaulin covers all windows, and whatever light comes in does so through a few skylights gouged in the ceiling, several feet above the ground.

A queen bed sits in a corner, flanked by several bookcases.

Next to this makeshift bedroom, we see a long rectangular desk, filled with various computers.

Sitting down on an old office chair and holding the TV remote control is FERNANDA, early twenties, short brown hair, slim body, determined eyes.

She slides away from the TV and towards one of the most potent computers. *OK, let's do this!*

She inserts it in the computer and drinks her coffee as she waits for a page to load up.

A window appears on the computer screen.

Inside it, a single file: NANCYFULL590768.

Fernanda double clicks on it.

A vide starts: Nancy Bardini being interviewed, her eyes filled with tears.

NANCY BARDINI

But what happened at the borders... I never thought it would come to that... (pause) But you know what was even more horrendous? Using that moment of crisis, the pain we were all going through as a country...

using that as a smoke curtain to
carry out an unconstitutional
coup!?

Fernanda sips her coffee slowly as she watches the video.

NANCY BARDINI (CONT'D)

It was worse than the virus. What
the Genesis Project is doing to our
country... to our women? Outlawing
pregnancy is terrible enough,
but... the death penalty to the
women who defy it?! That's just...
it... it's barbaric. Medieval,
really...

An out-of-frame journalist tries to interrupt her.

JOURNALIST (V.O.)

Thank, Mrs. Bardini, but I think we
have enough.

NANCY BARDINI

This dictatorship disguised as
progress, this is a disgrace for
our country. The Incubator is a
hoax, a facade for evil people such
as Olivia DuPont and her gang to do
--

The video goes mute.

A production assistant walks to Nancy and removes her lapel
microphone.

She protests and tries to continue her speech, but soon a
couple of guards appear and old woman is forcefully removed
from her chair.

The video ends.

Fernanda puts the cup down and clicks on the video file,
dragging it to another window.

A message appears: UPLOAD VIDEO? (CONFIRM) (CANCEL)

Fernanda drags the mouse slowly and clicks on (CONFIRM).

An upload bar appears, the numbers going up gradually, as
Fernanda looks at the board behind the desk.

IN THE BOARD...

...there are maps and articles about a place called the Incubator, Olivia Du Pont, the Breeders, etc. Some pictures are crossed out. Others are circled with a red pen.

...in one document: "CORRUPTION SCHEME INSIDE NYC ASSESSMENT CENTER"

...in another: "CONCLUSIVE PROOF OF SELLING OF FALSIFIED APTITUDE CERTIFICATES IN BLACK MARKET"

...we then see images of the Incubator, pictures with the Genesis Project logo on the bottom right corner.

...articles that question the exact location of the Incubator.

...a text that says: "THE TRUTH ABOUT THE INCUBATOR: Proofs that it is far from being the paradise shown by the Project."

...dark images of a somber cement building hidden in the middle of the forest.

...post-its next to the pictures with the words:

INCUBATOR? VERIFY VALIDITY OF SOURCES? FAKE?

WE RETURN TO THE COMPUTER SCREEN...

...where the video finished uploading and a small window appears with the following text: PUBLISH VIDEO? (CONFIRM) (CANCEL)

Fernanda places the almost empty cup of coffee on the table and drags the mouse to the (CONFIRM) icon.

CLICK

The video is up. She leans back and observes the number of views.

0... 1... 3...

She takes one last sip of coffee, her eyes fixed on the screen.

19... 32... 47...

INT - CAR - DAY

An elegant woman in her late forties sits at the backseat of a spacious car.

It's NORMA REITZ, a Genesis Project Evaluation Assessor, and she watches as a Genesis advertising video plays on a screen near a bus stop.

She's in her late forties, an elegant face, with eyes that feel ancient, but attentive... predatory, even.

In the video, Project scientists hand over a baby to a smiling couple. A sentence takes over the screen:

GENESIS PROJECT - PROTECTING THE FUTURE OF THE AMERICAN FAMILY

Norma scoffs, then looks away. *Big fucking deal.*

She rummages through her purse and grabs a pack of cigarettes. She picks one up and lights it.

She opens the window and blows the white smoke out onto the torrential rain.

Her cellphone rings. She throws the lit cigarette out the window and fishes for the phone in her purse.

NORMA

Hi?

Her expression changes immediately. *Fuck. Fuck, fuck, fuck.*

NORMA (CONT'D)

I dream about a day when I'll get a call and it won't be you. (...)
I've told you this already, I'll figure it out. (...) I know, but it's not that simple, and you know it. (...) Everyone does, sweetie. (...)
I'll get it today, don't worry. (...) OK, bye-bye.

She turns the phone off and throws it into her purse.

INT - FERNANDA'S HANGAR - DAY

The rain has subsided, but the sound of heavy droplets hitting the roof still echoes through the hangar.

Fernanda returns from the kitchen with a cup of coffee in her hands.

She places the cup on top of the table and grabs the pen-drive she had left there before.

She removes a pen-drive from her pocket and places it over the desk. On the computer, she opens a folder named NORMA REITZ, and clicks on an item.

A picture Norma pops up on the screen. Fernanda opens other items, revealing several documents and pictures.

They all seem to have on common thread: Norma's work for the Genesis Project.

We see a report on Norma Reitz: forty seven, divorced, no kids. Has worked for the Project for the past nineteen years, the last eight as an interviewer at the Assessment Center.

Something catches Fernanda's attention: there's only a blank where her birth information should be. No birth date, no place of birth, nothing...

She clicks control + P. We hear the immediate humming and wheezing of a printer working nearby.

Fernanda rolls her chair down and waits for a few seconds as the machine finishes printing.

Then she grabs the paper that emerges from it and stands up.

ON HER HAND... as she pins a picture of Norma in the wall, next to the notes.

A cellphone rings and we return to Fernanda's face.

FERNANDA
(on the phone)
Is it confirmed? Will you do it?

Someone talks on the other side of the line, and Fernanda listens as she stares at Norma's printed face. *Got you, motherfucker!*

FERNANDA (CONT'D)
I'll transfer it right now. I'll
send the rest later, once it's
done.

She hangs up and sits down, sliding towards the computer, where she quickly types something.

We see that she has transferred 5.000 USD to a WILLIAM GARCIA.

While the transfer is being processed, she gets up and walks to the picture of Norma on the board.

She picks up a red pen and circles the psychologist's face.

INT - WILLIAM'S APARTMENT - DAY

A tall, disingenuously strong man is lying on a single bed inside a tiny bedroom. He is WILLIAM GARCIA, early thirties.

A primitive ceiling fan swings dangerously over him, the hot wind bringing little comfort despite the downpour outside.

William stares at the fan's circular movement, hypnotized.

Then...

BAAAAAAAMMMM

Someone falling. A woman crying out in pain.

William jumps out of bed, puts on a pair of shorts and runs out the door.

He darts down a narrow corridor and arrives at a tiny bathroom stuffed into a windowless cubicle.

An older woman lies on the floor, her fragile hands crammed against the toilet.

WILLIAM

Mom? My God!

The woman is HILDA GARCIA. Thin, white hair falls over her deep set eyes. William kneels down next to her.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

It's OK, it's OK. I'm here.

He pulls her against his chest as she presses her hands against her belly.

WILLIAM (CONT'D)

Is it hurting? Let me see.

William tries to lift her shirt, but she stops him.

HILDA

I'm OK, just a bit... you know...
assustada. My feet got caught in
this tapete de merda.

WILLIAM

Why didn't you call for me, huh? To
help?

HILDA

I can pee by myself, for Christ's
sake.